UNLEASHED CRAVINGS
A FORBIDDEN PACT OF ECSTASY
SHWETA PAREKH
Grok

Unleashed Cravings: A Forbidden Pact of Ecstasy

By Shweta Parekh

Dedication: To those who fuck in secret, may your cravings burn eternal.

Disclaimer: To fully enjoy this book, note that it features two main characters, one male and one female. Picture yourself as one character and imagine the other as someone who has already read the book. A surprise task awaits you at the end, which will only make sense if you've read the book.

Surrender to the raw heat of *Unleashed Cravings*. Step into Disha and Shivam's world, where every glance, touch, and forbidden fantasy ignites your deepest desires. Their hunger is yours to claim, their passion a fire that burns without restraint. Dive in, and let ecstasy consume you.

Content Warning: This book contains explicit sexual content, including vivid descriptions of nudity, teasing, masturbation, and detailed sexual intercourse, intended for mature audiences only. It explores themes of consensual non-marital desire and emotional infidelity, challenging taboos around sexual freedom. Reader discretion is strongly advised.

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Chapter 1: Whispers of Romance

Summary: Disha, a curvaceous marketing executive in her early thirties, and Shivam, a sculpted architect with piercing eyes, meet at a dinner party hosted by their friend Neha. Both married—Disha to Rohan, Shivam to Priya—they share a magnetic, romantic connection, their revealing outfits hinting at desire. Subtle glances and fleeting touches spark a slow-burn romance, setting the stage for their forbidden attraction.

Excerpt:
The candlelight bathed Disha's skin in a golden glow, her lips curling into a soft smile as she leaned across the table, her eyes catching Shivam's with a spark that felt like a secret. Her sheer silk blouse, barely buttoned, hugged her full breasts, the shadow of her nipples teasing through the fabric as she shifted, her short skirt riding up to reveal a smooth expanse of thigh. "So, you think a cow makes a better sculpture than a horse?" she teased, her voice a velvet whisper, inviting him to linger on her curves, to imagine what lay beneath.

Shivam's gaze held hers, his open linen shirt revealing a glimpse of his toned chest, the faint outline of his abs catching the light. His tailored trousers hugged his hips, hinting at the strength beneath, a subtle flex that drew her eyes. "It's all about the artist's heart, Disha," he murmured, his tone warm, his smile carrying a hint of mischief. He leaned closer, his arm brushing hers, a fleeting touch that sent a shiver through her core, her skin tingling with the promise of more.

Their conversation flowed like a dance, each word laced with unspoken longing. Disha tilted her head, her blouse slipping to reveal a glimpse of cleavage, her heart racing as she caught his eyes lingering. She crossed her legs slowly, her skirt inching higher, exposing more thigh, a deliberate tease that made her pulse quicken. Imagine being her, feeling his gaze like a caress, your body alive with the thrill of being seen, desired, by someone forbidden.

Shivam's fingers grazed the stem of his glass, his eyes tracing her exposed skin, his breath hitching as he imagined running his hands along her thighs, unbuttoning her blouse to reveal her fully. "You're dangerous," he said softly, his voice a low rumble, his trousers tightening as he shifted, the faint outline of

his arousal a silent invitation. Picture yourself as him, your heart pounding, every glance from her a spark that ignites your blood.

The room buzzed with laughter, but their corner felt like a private world. Disha's skin flushed, her body warming under his stare, her mind spinning with images of his lips on hers, his hands exploring her. She leaned forward, her blouse gaping slightly, offering a fleeting glimpse of her breast, a playful flash that made her breath catch. The taboo of their attraction—married, yet drawn to each other—made every moment electric.

Shivam matched her, his shirt slipping open further, revealing more of his chest, a teasing display that made her mouth dry. Their knees brushed under the table, a jolt that sent heat racing through her, her body aching for more. Imagine the rush, your skin tingling, knowing this connection defies your vows but feels so right, so alive.

As the night ended, Disha stood, her skirt swaying, her hips a gentle curve that beckoned him. "Until next time," she purred, her voice a soft promise, her eyes holding his. Shivam's nod was slow, his gaze lingering, his body taut with unspoken desire. Picture walking away, your heart racing, knowing this is only the beginning, the romance a fire waiting to blaze.

They parted with polite smiles, but their eyes spoke of longing, of a romance that defied their rings. Disha felt the weight of her marriage, yet her heart fluttered for Shivam, a secret spark of rebellion. Shivam's fingers lingered on his glass, his body alive with her image, their connection a promise of something more, something forbidden.

Chapter 2: Tempting Glimpses

Summary: Disha and Shivam's budding romance grows through flirty meetups and group outings, their outfits daringly small, their glances charged with intent. During a Goa trip with their spouses, they knowingly flash private parts—Disha revealing her breasts, Shivam exposing his arousal—escalating their desire into a dangerous game of teasing that tests their restraint.

Excerpt:
On Neha's rooftop, Mumbai's skyline shimmered, the night air warm and heavy. Disha leaned against the railing, her sheer crop top barely covering her breasts, the fabric so thin her nipples pressed through, a deliberate tease. Her tiny skirt hugged her hips, riding up as she moved, flashing a glimpse of her bare thighs, no panties beneath. Her heart raced as Shivam's eyes devoured her, his gaze a heat that made her core ache. Imagine being her, your body a canvas of desire, every move a provocation for him.

Shivam handed her a drink, his fingers brushing hers, a spark that sent a shiver down her spine. His open shirt revealed his sculpted chest, his tight shorts outlining his growing arousal, a bold display that made her breath catch. "Caught by the stars?" he murmured, his voice a low caress, his eyes lingering on her exposed skin, imagining what lay beneath. Picture yourself as him, your pulse quickening, her body a temptation you can't ignore.

In Goa, the group's beachside villa pulsed with the ocean's rhythm. That evening, Disha wandered near Shivam's room, her sheer cover-up slipping to reveal one breast, her nipple hard and exposed as she paused by his open window, knowing he'd see. Shivam stood inside, shirtless, his shorts low, his erection visible through the thin fabric, a deliberate flash as he caught her gaze. Her heart pounded, her core tingling at the sight of him, so raw, so forbidden.

She lingered, her cover-up slipping further, both breasts now bare, a teasing display that made her pulse race. Imagine the thrill, your body exposed, knowing he's watching, wanting you. Shivam's eyes darkened, his hand adjusting his shorts, revealing more of his arousal, a silent challenge that made her ache. The taboo of their game—flashing each other while married—set her skin on fire.

The next morning, Disha showered in the villa's open-air bathroom, her hum drawing Shivam like a magnet. He peered through a bamboo gap, his breath hitching as she let her towel fall, her naked body glistening, her breasts bouncing as she moved, her shaved core catching the light. She turned, knowing he watched, her hips swaying, a deliberate flash that made her heart race. Picture being her, your body a lure, every curve a promise of ecstasy.

Shivam's shorts tightened, his arousal evident, a bold display as he let them slip lower, revealing the base of his erection. His eyes locked on her, imagining his hands on her breasts, his lips on her core. Imagine being him, your body burning, her nakedness a vision you can't escape. The forbidden nature of their teasing—knowingly exposing themselves—made their desire unbearable.

Back in Mumbai, Disha's outfits grew bolder: sheer tops revealing her breasts, skirts flashing her core when she sat. Shivam matched her, his tight shirts open, his shorts low, his arousal a constant tease. Their glances were electric, each flash a spark in their romantic dance. Picture the rush, your body alive, knowing every reveal is a step closer to something more.

Their spouses remained oblivious, but Neha's sharp eyes caught their lingering looks, adding a thrill to their game. Disha and Shivam's romance was a secret rebellion, their teasing a promise of what could be. Imagine their longing, your heart racing, every flash a step toward the fire you both crave.

Chapter 3: Disha's Fevered Dreams

Summary: Disha's nights are filled with fantasies of Shivam, her body aching as she imagines his touch, his lips, his strength. Her teasing outfits—barely-there tops, tiny skirts—grow bolder, flashing her curves to provoke him. She wrestles with guilt over Rohan but sees their romance as a consensual liberation, a spark that makes her feel alive.

Excerpt:
Disha lay in bed, Rohan asleep beside her, the moonlight tracing her curves. Her fingers slipped beneath her panties, stroking her core as she pictured Shivam—his shirtless body in Goa, his arousal flashing through his shorts, his eyes burning with want. In her mind, he pulled her close, his lips kissing her neck, his hands sliding under her skirt to find her wet and ready. Her breath hitched, her body trembling, the forbidden romance making her heart race. Imagine being her, your fingers exploring, his image consuming you.

Her dreams grew vivid: Shivam lifting her onto a table, his lips on her breasts, his fingers teasing her until she moaned. She imagined straddling him, his hardness pressing against her, their bodies moving in a slow, romantic dance. The thought of Rohan faded, replaced by the thrill of their mutual longing, a rebellion against marriage's confines. Her climax shook her, her whispers of Shivam's name a secret vow.

At a coffee meetup, Disha wore a sheer halter top, her breasts barely covered, her nipples teasing through the fabric, her mini skirt flashing her thighs as she sat. Shivam's eyes locked on her, his tight shirt open, his shorts hinting at his arousal, a deliberate tease that made her core ache. "Missed me?" she murmured, leaning forward, her top slipping to reveal more skin, her heart pounding with the thrill of being seen.

Shivam's smile was electric, his voice low. "You're playing with fire, Disha." His shorts tightened, his arousal clear, a flash that made her pulse quicken. Picture yourself as him, your body responding, her teasing driving you wild. She crossed her legs, her skirt riding up, revealing a glimpse of her core, a bold provocation that made her feel alive, desired.

Their banter was a flirtatious game, each word a caress, each glance a spark. Disha's hand brushed his, a jolt that sent heat through her, her body craving

his touch. She imagined his lips on hers, his hands exploring her, their romance defying their vows. Shivam's gaze lingered on her exposed skin, his mind mirroring hers, their connection a fire waiting to ignite.

Disha's outfits pushed boundaries: sheer dresses flashing her breasts, skirts revealing her core when she moved. At group dinners, she caught Shivam staring, his shorts low, his arousal teasing her back. Picture the rush, your body exposed, knowing he's watching, wanting you. Their romance was a secret dance, their spouses unaware, Neha's suspicion a distant thrill.

Her fantasies bled into reality, each teasing flash a step closer to him. At a party, her backless top slipped, revealing her breast, her skirt flashing her core as she leaned close to Shivam. His hand grazed her thigh, a touch that made her core throb, her body aching for more. Imagine the tension, your heart pounding, knowing this romance is forbidden but undeniable.

Disha felt no shame; this was liberation. Her marriage to Rohan was love, but her longing for Shivam was a consensual spark, a romantic rebellion that made her feel alive. As she touched herself that night, imagining his lips on her core, she knew their connection was hers to claim, a fire shared with a man who desired her just as fiercely.

Chapter 4: Shivam's Restless Yearning

Summary: Shivam's days are consumed by Disha's image, his body burning as he fantasizes about her touch, her curves, her teasing flashes. His revealing outfits—open shirts, tight shorts—provoke her, their glances charged with romantic longing. Guilt over Priya lingers, but he embraces their desire as a consensual freedom, a spark that ignites his soul.

Excerpt:
Shivam stood in the shower, his hand stroking himself, Disha's image vivid: her breasts flashing in Goa, her core teasing through her skirt, her eyes inviting him. He pictured pulling her close, kissing her deeply, his hands exploring her curves as she moaned his name. His climax came fast, but the yearning remained, the romance of their forbidden connection making his heart race. Imagine being him, your body alive, her image consuming your every thought.

His fantasies grew intense: Disha straddling him, her breasts in his hands, their bodies swaying in a slow, romantic rhythm. He imagined kissing her core, tasting her, their connection defying their marriages. The thought of Priya faded, replaced by the thrill of their mutual longing, a rebellion against tradition that felt so right. Picture the rush, your body burning, her teasing driving you to the edge.

At a café, Shivam wore an open shirt, his toned chest exposed, his tight shorts hinting at his arousal as Disha approached. Her sheer top revealed her breasts, her skirt flashing her core, a deliberate tease that made his blood boil. "You're trouble," he murmured, his voice a low caress, his shorts tightening, a flash of his arousal that made her eyes widen. Imagine being her, your heart racing, his body a temptation you can't resist.

Disha's smile was radiant, her eyes flicking to his shorts, her core aching as she sat close. "And you're asking for it," she teased, leaning forward, her top slipping to reveal her nipple, a provocation that made his pulse quicken. Picture yourself as him, your body responding, her teasing a spark that ignites your soul. Their banter was a romantic dance, each word a step closer to the fire they craved.

Shivam's outfits grew bolder: shirts unbuttoned to his navel, shorts low, flashing his arousal when he moved. At group outings, he caught Disha

staring, her top revealing her breasts, her skirt flashing her core. Their glances were electric, each flash a spark in their romantic game. Imagine the thrill, your body exposed, knowing she's watching, wanting you.

Their touches were fleeting but intense, his hand brushing her arm, a jolt that made her core throb, his body aching for her. He pictured kissing her, his hands on her breasts, their romance defying their vows. Disha's gaze lingered on his shorts, her body mirroring his desire, their connection a fire waiting to blaze.

At a party, Disha's sheer dress flashed her core, her breasts teasing as she leaned close. Shivam's shorts slipped low, revealing his arousal, a bold display that made her breath catch. His hand grazed her thigh, a touch that sent heat through them both, their bodies aching for more. Picture the tension, your heart pounding, knowing this romance is forbidden but irresistible.

Shivam felt no guilt; this was freedom. His marriage to Priya was love, but his longing for Disha was a consensual spark, a romantic rebellion that made him feel alive. As he touched himself that night, imagining her core against his lips, he knew their connection was his to claim, a fire shared with a woman who desired him just as fiercely.

Chapter 5: The Pact of Passion

Summary: At a late-night coffee meetup, Disha and Shivam confess their romantic and sexual desires, their bodies trembling with need. They form a pact to share their fantasies through coded texts—“Starlight” for romantic longings, “Fire” for physical sex—indulging their taboo attraction while wrestling with guilt. Their mutual consent fuels a thrilling rebellion against marital norms.

Excerpt:
The café glowed softly, Mumbai’s rain drumming outside, the air heavy with their unspoken desire. Disha sat across from Shivam, her fingers tracing her mug, her sheer top revealing her breasts, her skirt flashing her core as she shifted. Her heart raced, her body aching as she met his piercing eyes. “This feeling,” she whispered, her voice a soft caress, “it’s consuming me.” Imagine being her, your skin tingling, his gaze a fire that makes you feel alive.

Shivam’s eyes burned, his open shirt exposing his chest, his shorts hinting at his arousal, a deliberate tease that made her core throb. “Disha,” he murmured, his voice low and warm, “I can’t stop imagining you—your curves, your lips, my hands on you, making love to you.” His words were a romantic vow, his body taut, the forbidden nature of their longing making his pulse race. Picture yourself as him, your heart pounding, her body a vision you crave.

Disha’s breath hitched, her core warming, her nipples pressing through her top. “You feel it too?” she purred, leaning closer, her skirt riding up, flashing her core, a provocation that made her feel bold. “Every time you’re near, I’m kissing you in my mind, my body aching for yours.” Her eyes flicked to his shorts, his arousal clear, the thrill of their romantic rebellion making her heart soar.

His gaze darkened, his voice a rumble. “In Goa, I saw you showering, your body bare, your curves calling me. I’ve dreamed of kissing every inch of you, making you mine.” His hand hovered near hers, a spark that made his body ache, his mind picturing her in his arms, their lips locked in a passionate kiss. Imagine the rush, your body burning, her confession igniting your soul.

Disha’s cheeks flushed, her core tingling. “I saw you too, shirtless, your shorts low. I’ve imagined your lips on mine, your hands on my breasts, our bodies entwined.” Her voice was bold, her body trembling with need, her top slipping to reveal more skin. Picture being her, your heart racing, knowing he wants

you as fiercely as you want him. Their romance was a fire, defying their marriages.

The table was a fragile barrier, their bodies yearning for each other. “We can’t make love yet,” Shivam said softly, his eyes burning, “but I need you in my thoughts, my dreams.” His voice was a romantic promise, his body aching for the “Fire” they craved—physical, passionate sex. The guilt over Priya lingered, but their consensual longing was stronger.

“Then let’s make a pact,” Disha whispered, her core aching. “Our deepest desires, shared in secret. ‘Starlight’ for our romantic dreams, ‘Fire’ for when we finally make love.” Her eyes locked on his, her body alive with the promise of their game. Imagine sealing this vow, your heart pounding, knowing every word brings you closer to ecstasy.

They nodded, their pact a romantic bond. “Starlight,” Disha murmured, her voice a vow. “Fire,” Shivam replied, his eyes promising more. Their connection was a rebellion, a romantic fire that burned without shame, a promise of the passion to come.

Chapter 6: Teasing the Edge

Summary: Disha and Shivam's pact transforms their romance into a game of coded texts and provocative teasing, their outfits flashing skin, their touches electric. They share "Starlight" fantasies of romantic longing, holding back from "Fire" but aching for it. Their spouses remain unaware, Neha's suspicion adding a thrill, their rebellion a delicate balance of romance and restraint.

Excerpt:
Disha's phone glowed in the dark, Shivam's text a spark: *Starlight: I'm kissing you on a cliff, your dress slipping, my lips on your neck, your body pressed to mine.* Her core ached, her fingers stroking herself as she replied: *Fire: I'm in your arms, your lips on my breasts, our bodies joined in a slow, deep rhythm.* Her heart raced, the romance of their forbidden game making her feel alive. Imagine being her, your body trembling, his words igniting your soul.

At Neha's dinner party, their teasing was bold. Disha's sheer dress hugged her curves, her breasts flashing as she moved, her skirt revealing her core when she sat. Shivam's eyes devoured her, his open shirt exposing his chest, his shorts low, flashing his arousal. His lips mouthed "Fire," a promise that made her core throb. Picture yourself as him, your body burning, her teasing a spark that drives you wild.

Disha slipped to the balcony, her body aching, her dress slipping to reveal her breast. Shivam followed, the night air electric, his scent intoxicating. "You're playing a dangerous game," she whispered, her voice a caress, her skirt flashing her core as she leaned closer. Imagine being her, your heart pounding, knowing every flash is a step toward him.

"Your curves are begging for me," he murmured, stepping closer, his shorts low, his arousal clear, a deliberate tease that made her breath catch. His hand grazed her thigh, a touch that sent heat through her, her body craving his. Picture the rush, your body alive, her nearness a fire you can't resist. They imagined a passionate embrace, their lips locked, their bodies entwined.

They pulled back, their pact holding them from "Fire." At group outings, Disha's tops flashed her breasts, her skirts revealing her core, each move a provocation. Shivam's shirts opened wider, his shorts flashing his arousal, their glances a romantic dance. Their spouses laughed nearby, unaware, Neha's sharp eyes a distant thrill.

Their texts grew bolder: *Starlight: Kissing you in a rain-soaked alley, my hands on your curves. Fire: Making love on a beach, your body under mine, our moans lost in the waves.* Disha's body trembled with each message, her fingers exploring as she imagined him. Shivam's fantasies consumed him, his hand stroking as he pictured her. Imagine their longing, your body aching, every word a spark.

At a late-night meetup, Disha's backless dress flashed her breasts, her skirt revealing her core as she leaned close. Shivam's shorts were low, his arousal teasing her, his hand brushing her arm, a jolt that made her core throb. They pictured making love, their bodies joined in a passionate rhythm, their restraint a delicious torture.

Their romance was a rebellion, their teasing a promise of "Fire." Disha and Shivam knew their marriages were love, but their longing was a consensual spark, a romantic fire that burned without guilt, pushing them closer to the ecstasy they craved.

Chapter 7: The Fire of Ecstasy

Summary: Disha and Shivam's restraint crumbles at a secluded Mumbai hotel, their romantic pact culminating in "Fire"—raw, passionate sex in famous positions (missionary, doggy style, cowgirl, spooning). Their bodies unite in a climactic frenzy, their taboo romance fulfilled without breaking their marriages, a consensual celebration of desire.

Excerpt:
The hotel room glowed with city lights, the air thick with their longing. Disha stood by the bed, her sheer dress slipping to reveal her breasts, her skirt falling to expose her bare core, glistening with desire. Shivam locked the door, his open shirt discarded, his shorts dropping to reveal his hard, pulsing arousal. Their eyes met, a silent "Fire," their romance ready to explode. Imagine being her, your body trembling, his gaze a promise of ecstasy.

"No more waiting," Disha whispered, her voice a sultry vow, her dress pooling at her feet, her naked curves a vision. Shivam stepped closer, his arousal pressing against her thigh, his lips crashing into hers, their tongues dancing in a passionate kiss. Picture being him, your hands on her, her warmth pulling you in, the forbidden romance igniting your soul.

They fell onto the bed, missionary first, Shivam above her, his arousal sliding into her core, slow and deep, her moans filling the air as her breasts bounced. "I've dreamed of this," he murmured, his lips kissing her neck, her hands gripping his back. Her core gripped him, the taboo of their act—making love outside marriage—making her heart race. Imagine the rhythm, your body moving with hers, every thrust a spark.

Disha pushed him back, straddling him in cowgirl, her hips rocking, her breasts swaying as she rode him, his hands on her curves, guiding her. "Fuck me harder," she gasped, her core clenching, her climax building. Picture being her, your body in control, his eyes worshipping you, the romance a fire that consumes you. Their moans blended, their bodies in sync, the forbidden thrill pushing them higher.

Shivam flipped her, doggy style now, his hands gripping her hips, his arousal thrusting deep, her cries echoing as her breasts swung. He leaned forward, kissing her spine, his rhythm relentless, their connection a rebellion against their vows. Imagine being him, her curves under you, every thrust a claim, her

moans a song of desire. Her core tightened, her climax shaking her, his name on her lips.

They shifted to spooning, Shivam behind her, his arousal sliding in, his arm around her, his lips on her ear. “You’re mine tonight,” he whispered, his thrusts slow, then fast, their bodies melding in a romantic dance. Picture being her, his warmth enveloping you, your body trembling with pleasure, the taboo making it sweeter. Her climax hit again, her core pulsing, his release following, their moans a symphony.

They collapsed, breathless, their bodies slick with sweat, their romance fulfilled. “Fire,” Disha whispered, her voice hoarse, her core still tingling. “Worth every moment,” Shivam murmured, his eyes soft, their bond unbreakable. Imagine the afterglow, your body sated, the forbidden romance a secret you share.

Their act was consensual, a celebration of desire that left their marriages intact. They dressed slowly, their touches lingering, their eyes promising more. This “Fire” was theirs, a romantic rebellion that burned eternal, a testament to their shared passion.

Epilogue: A Lasting Spark

Summary: Years later, Disha and Shivam remain friends, their “Fire” a cherished secret that enriched their lives without breaking their marriages. Their romance taught them desire’s depth, a consensual rebellion that left them fulfilled. At a reunion, their eyes share a “Starlight,” a nod to the spark that shaped them, their marriages thriving, their bond eternal.

Excerpt:
The beach house glowed with laughter, Goa’s waves a familiar song. Disha, her hair touched with silver, met Shivam’s gaze across the firepit, her sheer dress hinting at her curves, a subtle nod to their past. His open shirt revealed his toned chest, his eyes whispering “Starlight,” a spark of their romance. Rohan’s arm rested on her, Priya’s hand in Shivam’s, their marriages warm and strong. Imagine being her, your heart fluttering, his gaze a secret you share.

Their “Fire” lived in their glances, a secret that made their lives richer. That night in the hotel, their bodies joined in passionate rhythm, had been a rebellion, a consensual act that freed them. Disha’s core warmed at the memory, her body alive with the thrill of their romance. Picture being him, your soul stirred, her presence a spark that never fades.

Shivam’s smile was soft, his eyes tracing her, a silent “Fire” that made her heart race. Their marriages had grown stronger, their desire a gift that taught them love’s depth. The taboo of their act—making love outside marriage—was a spark they’d claimed together, a romance that burned without regret.

As the waves crashed, Disha and Shivam knew their story was eternal, a fire that shaped them. Their glances lingered, their bond a secret flame, their lives enriched by their shared passion. Imagine their connection, your heart full, knowing this romance is yours to cherish.

Miscellaneous Content for Publication

Book Blurb:
Unleashed Cravings: A Forbidden Pact of Ecstasy
Disha and Shivam, bound by marriage to others, ignite a slow-burn romance at a chance meeting. Their teasing glances and daring flashes spark a fire, their bodies aching through whispered fantasies and coded promises. A secret pact leads to a night of raw, passionate sex, a rebellion that fulfills their desires without breaking their vows. Dive into their world of forbidden romance, where every touch and glance burns with untamed passion, for those who crave the spark of the forbidden.

Author Bio:
Shweta Parekh crafts raw, unfiltered erotica that blends passion with emotional depth. Her vivid, romantic worlds invite readers to embrace their deepest desires. When not writing, Shweta draws inspiration from Mumbai's sultry nights. *Unleashed Cravings* is her debut, a fiery plunge into niche erotica.

Acknowledgement:
To my readers, for embracing Disha and Shivam's fiery romance. To my editor, for fanning every spark, and my family, for supporting my dreams. Thanks to Mumbai's heat and Goa's shores, where this story burned to life.

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Discussion Questions:

1. How does the slow-burn romance shape Disha and Shivam's connection?
2. What role do their teasing flashes play in building sexual tension?
3. How do Mumbai and Goa enhance the story's romantic heat?
4. Were you satisfied with the climactic "Fire" in Chapter 7? Why or why not?
5. How do their marriages influence their romantic rebellion?

Surprise Task for Readers:
If you've finished this book, bravo for diving into its dark, romantic allure! If you pictured yourself as one character and someone you know who's also read this book as the other, you're likely sharing the same desires and emotions. The sparks you imagined between you two don't have to stay in your mind. Why not bring those feelings to life? Since the other person has read the book too, they might be imagining the same. Take a bold step: ask them, "Can we talk about this book?" If they say yes, you're already aligned. Suggest meeting privately over coffee to discuss the book and any "questions" you have—let the conversation lead where your desires take you. Or… just say *Starlight*! And wait for the reply .. fire!